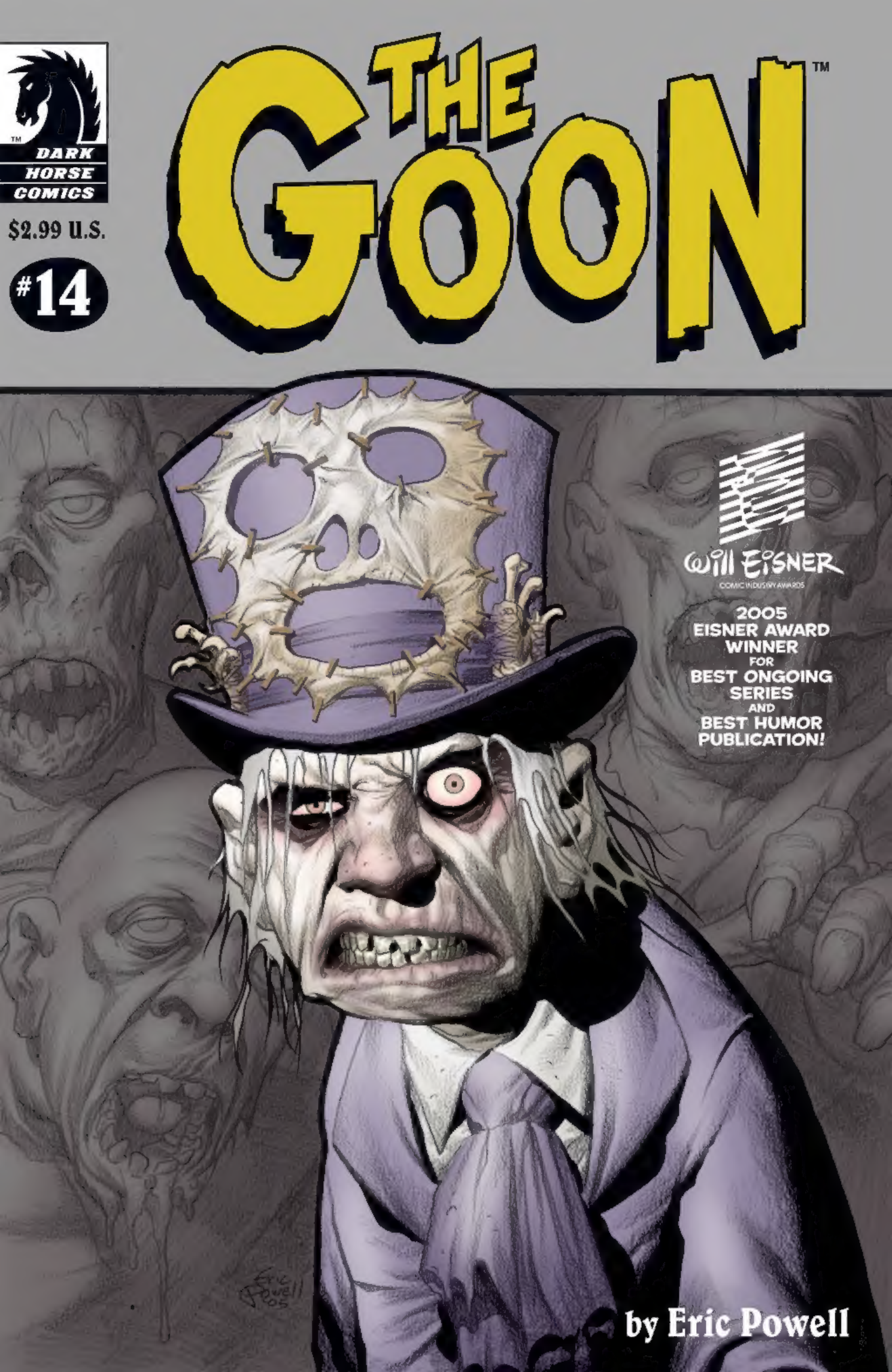
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THE GOON™
Will Eisner
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by Eric Powell

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

THE GOON™

NAMELESS
by **Eric Powell**

UNDER THE SINK
written by **Eric Powell** · drawn by **Neil Vokes**
colored by **Eric Powell**
letters by **Nate Piekos for Blambot**

EQUINE TWINE
by **Tony Shasteen**

El HOMBRE del LAGARTO EL DIABLO de PANTANO
written by **Eric Powell** · drawn by **Kyle Hotz**
colored by **Eric Powell**
letters by **Nate Piekos for Blambot**

edited by **Matt Dryer** designed by **Amy Arendts**
published by **Mike Richardson**

Zombies provided by **Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.**
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Zombie Altar Boy **Scott Allie**

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FOLKS IS SUPPOSED TO GET LAID TO REST IN THE EARTH BY THEIR SURVIVORS AT THE END OF THEIR MORTAL TOILS.

I DON'T REMEMBER MY RIGHT NAME BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE A BUZZARD NO MORE

I LAID MYSELF IN THE EARTH SOME TIME BACK. I HAD NO SURVIVORS. AND THERE AIN'T BEEN NO REST FOR ME.

'CAUSE I CAN'T DIE.

I BEEN LIVIN' SO LONG, WITH A BITTER PURPOSE IN MY HEART, THAT I FORGOT WHO I WAS.

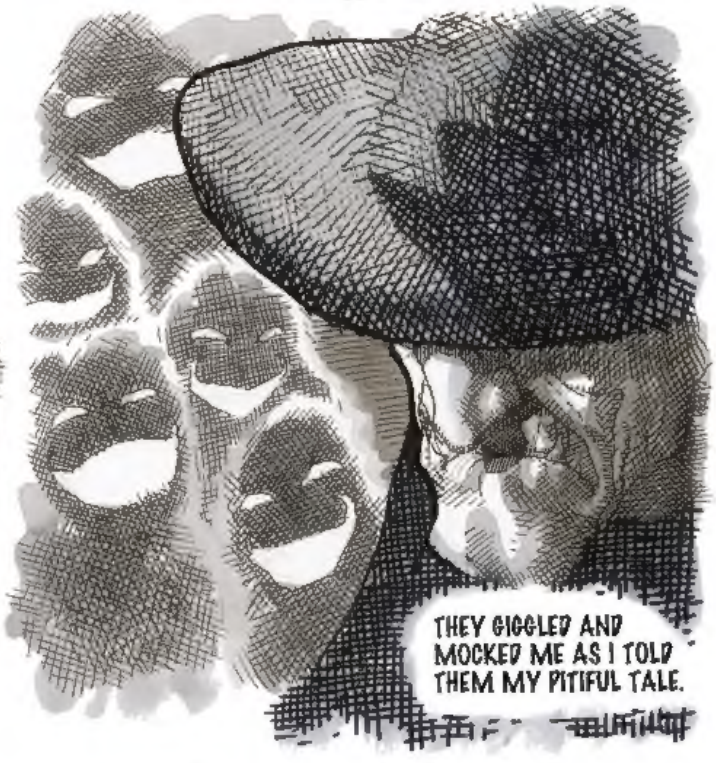
I ONLY KNOW WHAT I'VE BECOME.

AND WHO MADE ME THIS WAY.

I FAILED TO STOP THE CORRUPTOR WHO DESTROYED MY TOWN AND TURNED ITS PEOPLE INTO UNDEAD ABOMINATIONS.
THEN HE LAID UPON ME A FIERCE TERRIBLE CURSE. AN UNQUENCHABLE HUNGER FOR THE FLESH OF DEAD MEN.
I SPENT LONG YEARS HUNTING THE EVIL MAN ONLY TO FIND HIM AND FAIL TO INDULGE MY REVENGE YET AGAIN.
IT WAS MY DARKEST HOUR AS I DESPAIRED AT MY OWN FUTILITY. I WENT TO END MY LIFE BUT THE CURSE COULD NOT BE LIFTED. I'M DAMNED TO MY EVERLASTING FATE.
I CRAWLED INTO THE ROOTS OF THIS HERE TREE HOPING THAT IN TIME I MIGHT WITHER AND FADE. BUT SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENED.
AS I REFUSED MY HUNGER, MY MIND DRIFTED. THE ROOTS OF MY TOMB ENTANGLED AND PIERCED ME. I BECAME A PART OF THEM. I STARTED TO HEAR THE VOICE OF THESE WOODS AND TO REALIZE THERE WAS SOMETHING UNNATURAL LIVING AMONGST THEM.

I TRAVELED OUTSIDE MYSELF, BEING MANY A PLACE AND NO PLACE AT ALL IN TIME I COULD RECKON THE UNNATURAL FOLKS AND THEY COULD RECKON ME.

I WALKED AMONG THEM AND THEY SHOWED ME MANY A SIGHT. SOME WONDROUS TO BEHOLD. SOME TOO VILE TO SPEAK OF.
THEY WAS A MIGHT CURIOUS BUNCH AND WANTED TO KNOW WHAT I WAS ABOUT SINCE THEY HAD NOT SEEN THE LIKES OF ME BEFORE.


THEY GIGGLED AND MOCKED ME AS I TOLD THEM MY PITIFUL TALE.

BUT ONE WAS SILENT.

THE QUIET WATCHER SAID HE WAS FATED TO SHOW ME THE PAST OF A WICKED THING. HE SAID I WOULD SEE AND KNOW THE WAY.

WE TRAVELED A LONG WHILE DOWN A VAGUE PATH UNTIL I SAW THE SHAPE OF A SMALL TWISTED MAN THAT WAS PAINFULLY FAMILIAR.

I SAW THE WICKED MAN MAKE TWISTED DEALS WITH UNFORTUNATE FOLKS.

I SAW THE WICKED MAN SWINDLE CHILDREN AWAY FROM THEIR FAMILIES.

I SAW HIM SACRIFICE AND DEVOUR THEM.

AND THEN I SAW A POOR GIRL WHO WOULD DIE FOR HER FATHER'S LIE. AND I SAW THE WICKED MAN COME TO HER LIKE THE SERPENT WITH THE HONEY TONGUE.

I SAW THE SPINNING OF GOLD FROM STRAW.

I SAW THE GIRL BECOME A QUEEN AND I SAW THE QUEEN BARTER HER UNBORN CHILD.

I SAW THE MIND OF THE WICKED MAN AND KNEW THE SACRIFICE OF A ROYAL CHILD WOULD MAKE HIM MIGHTY AMONGST HIS KIN.

BUT THIS QUEEN WAS CRAFTY. SHE SOUGHT THE AID OF A WISE MAN. AND HE TOLD HER IT WAS NO MAN WHICH SHE DEALT WITH. AND HE TOLD HER THERE WERE FORMALITIES THAT MUST BE UPHELD EVEN BY THIS WICKED THING.

AND THAT QUEEN SET UPON THE LITTLE MAN A SPY. AND THAT SPY WAS A CRAFTY TRACKER THAT COULD NOT BE SHOOK BY NO MAN OR BEAST.

THAT SPY SAW MUCH AND HEARD MORE. MOST IMPORTANTLY HE HEARD A NAME. THE NAME SPAT FROM A GLOATING MOUTH.

WHEN THE WICKED MAN CAME TO CLAIM HIS PRIZE, THE QUEEN THREW HIM DOWN WITH HIS OWN NAME. AS THE WISE MAN TOLD HER, THE THING'S SECRET NAME COULD BE USED AGAINST IT.

AND SHE VOIDED THEIR AGREEMENT BY SMITING HIM WITH NEEDLES OF SILVER IN HIS EYES, AND CAST HIM BACK INTO THE PIT OF HIS BIRTH.

BEING SHAMED BY A MORTAL IS A HIGH OFFENSE IN THE VOID WHERE HIS KIN SQUIRM.

FOR ONE THOUSAND YEARS THEY TORMENTED AND TORTURED HIM RELENTLESSLY.

HE NEVER AGAIN COULD REGAIN THE FAVOR OF HIS KIN AND FOR THIS HE HATED AND DESPISED THE MORTAL WORLD. HE VOWED TO TURN THE HUMAN RACE INTO A MOCKERY OF LIFE. A STERILE SPECIES OF WITLESS PUTRID THINGS.

IT TOOK HIM ANOTHER AGE TO CLIMB THE STAIR BACK TO THE MORTAL WORLD. BUT HIS ANGER NEVER DIMMED.

I SAW HIM SPREAD PLAGUE AND PESTILENCE. I SAW HIM RAISE THE DEAD.

I SAW HIM DESTROY MY TOWN.

THE QUIET SPIRIT THEN SHOWED ME THE BOY.

THE HOLLOW, BROKENHEARTED BOY. AND I SAW WHAT WAS TO BE.

I PARTED WITH THE SPIRIT AND HE REJOINED THE STRANGE FOLK. AS HE DRIFTED AWAY HE SAID THAT IT WASN'T MY PLACE TO DO THESE THINGS. HE SAID IT WAS HIS DESTINY TO TELL ME THIS.

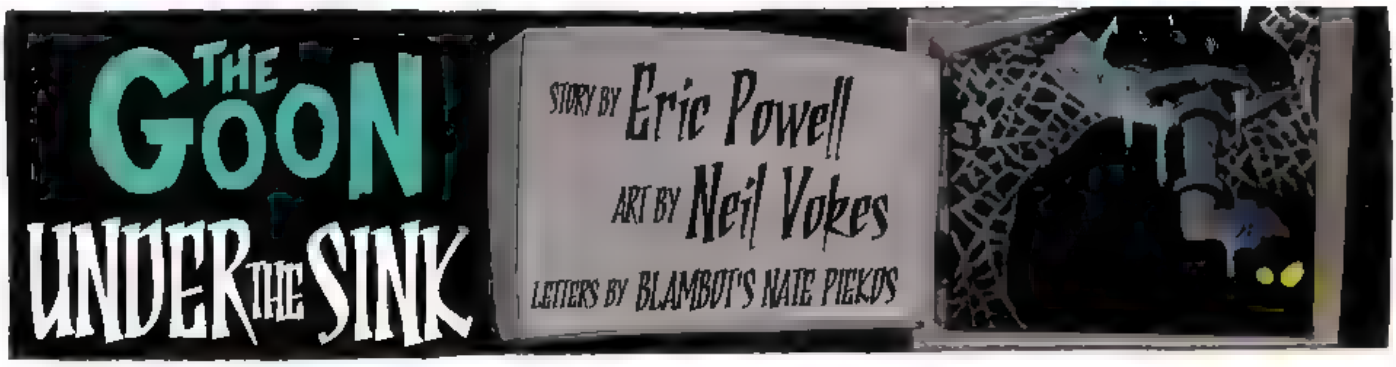
LONELY ST.
LONELY ST.

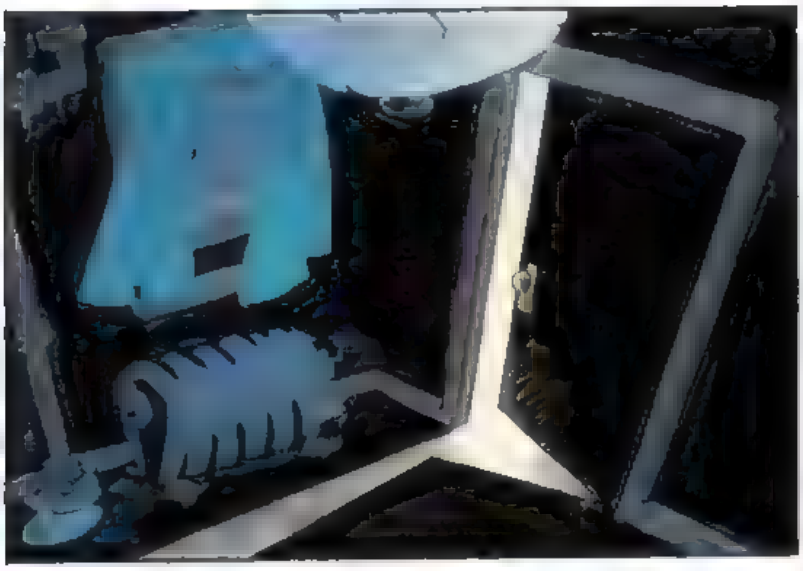
YOU!!
I KNOW YOUR NAME.
NO!
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!
I HEARD IT FROM YOUR OWN TONGUE. I SEEN YOU PRANCE AROUND THE FIRE AND GLOAT LIKE A FOOL.

AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, I'VE THOUGHT OF NOTHIN' ELSE BUT ENDING YOU! BUT NOW I KNOW WHY I ALWAYS FAILED. IT AIN'T MY PLACE. IT'S ALL FOR THE BOY.
WHEN HIS TIME COMES I'LL BE AT HIS SIDE.
AND I'M TAKING MY HAT BACK!

Norton's
PUB
BUZZARD?!
BOY.
IF YOU NEED ME, I'LL BE IN THE BONE YARD. THE CRYPT OF ABIGAIL GREYMOON. THE NAMELESS PREACHER WILL HAVE NO MORE DEAD FROM THAT PLACE.

I NEED MORE BULLETS.
UH, I'LL DROP SOME BY.
OBLIGED.


THE GOON
UNDER THE SINK
STORY BY Eric Powell
ART BY Neil Vokes
LETTERS BY BLAMBOT'S NATE PIEKOS



AHHH!!

MOOOMMY!

IT BIT ME! THE THING UNDER THE SINK BIT ME!
DANNY, WHA-- YOUR HAND!

YOU'VE BITTEN YOURSELF! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?!

KNOK KNOK KNOK
YEAH, WHATTA YA WANT?!
WHO IS IT?!
IT'S THAT DOPEY KID WHAT LIVES DOWN THE HALL!
SO WHATTA YA WANT DOPEY?!
PLEASE HELP ME. MY MOM WON'T BELIEVE ME BUT THERE'S A MONSTER LIVING UNDER MY SINK AND IT'S GOING TO KILL ME IF YOU DON'T HELP. YOU GUYS ARE THE TOUGHEST IN TOWN. YOU GOTTA HELP ME!
WE AIN'T GOT TIME TA BE PLAYIN' AROUND WITH DOPEY KIDS, DOPEY!
I COULD PAY YOU! I BUSTED OPEN MY PIGGY BANK. I HAVE A WHOLE FIVE DOLLARS AND SIXTY-FIVE CENTS.
HEY, AIN'T YER MA THAT SPICY WAITRESS FROM THE DINER DOWN THE BLOCK?
Uh, I GUESS.

THANKS FOR HELPING ME OUT BUT I DON'T KNOW *HOW* I'M SUPPOSED TO GET PHOTOS OF MY MOTHER'S--
THAT'S FOR *YOU* TO FIGURE OUT, KID. NOW YOU GO IN THE BATHROOM AND LURE THIS THING OUT.
MEEEAT! MEEEAT!
GET 'IM!
CHEW ON A KID IN *MY* BUILDIN', WILL YA?!

DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT THING NO MORE, KID. WE SET IT STRAIGHT.
I TOLD YOU I'D GET YOU. MY MOTHER MAY HAVE FIGURED OUT THAT I BIT MYSELF, BUT I TOLD YOU I'D GET YOU.
JUST WANT MEAT. PLEASE, MEAT. CHICKEN. HAM. SO HUNGRY. PLEASE, FEED.
WHAT DID I TELL YOU?! YOU DON'T GET FED UNTIL YOU DO WHAT I SAY!!
DON'T WANT TO KILL LITTLE GIRL'S PRETTY CAT.
WENDY HIGGINS TOLD ON ME FOR THROWING THE CLASS HAMSTER OUT THE WINDOW! YOU THINK I SHOULD LET HER GET AWAY WITH THAT?! YOU'LL KILL HER CAT OR I'LL HAVE THOSE GUYS COME BACK AND KILL YOU!
PLEASE, NO! I DO IT! I DO IT! I SO SORRY! FORGIVE! I DO WHATEVER YOU WANT!
YOU BET YOUR BUTT YOU WILL.
END.

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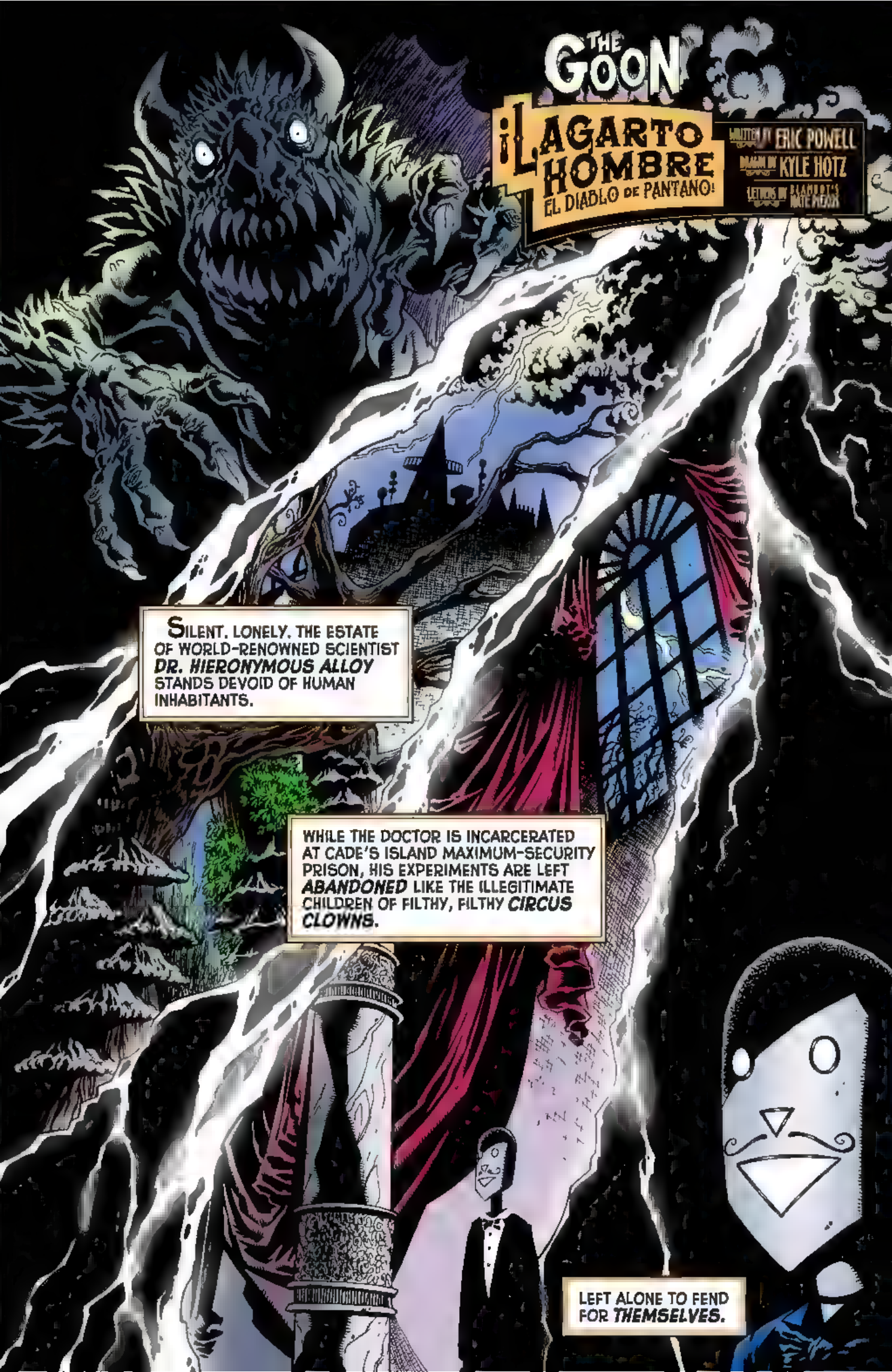
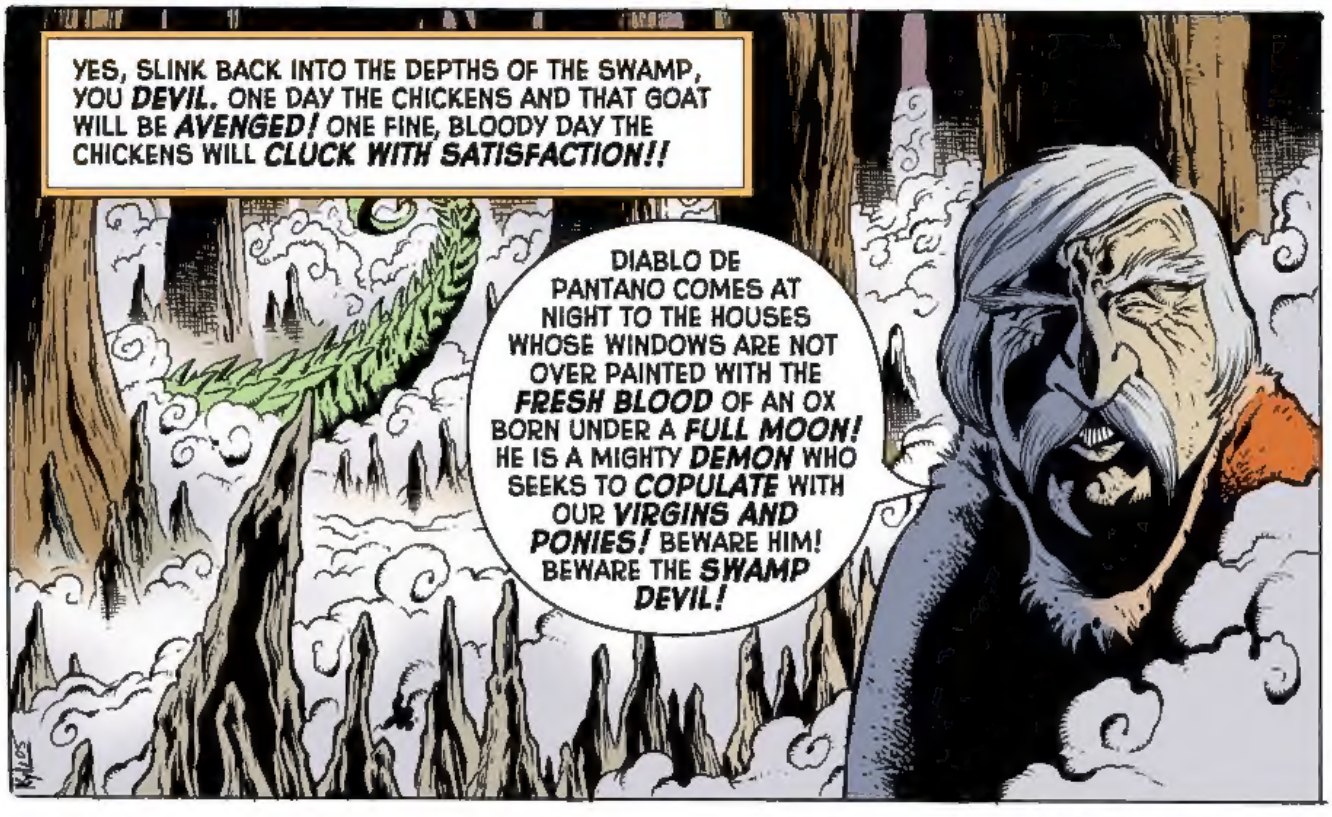
- the Zombie Priest


THE GOON
¡LAGARTO HOMBRE
EL DIABLO DE PANTANO!
WRITTEN BY ERIC POWELL
DRAWN BY KYLE HOTZ
LETTERED BY BLAMBOT® NATE PIEKOS
SILENT. LONELY. THE ESTATE OF WORLD-RENOWNED SCIENTIST DR. HIERONYMOUS ALLOY STANDS DEVOID OF HUMAN INHABITANTS.
WHILE THE DOCTOR IS INCARCERATED AT CADE'S ISLAND MAXIMUM-SECURITY PRISON, HIS EXPERIMENTS ARE LEFT ABANDONED LIKE THE ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN OF FILTHY, FILTHY CIRCUS CLOWNS.
LEFT ALONE TO FEND FOR THEMSELVES.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE GENETICALLY ENGINEERED LAGARTO HOMBRE, THE DOCTOR DID NOT LEAVE INSTRUCTION FOR HIS MEDICATION TO BE ADMINISTERED IN HIS ABSENCE.
NO, NOT THE MEDICATION TO KEEP HIM FROM GROWING LARGE VOLUPTUOUS LADY BREASTS. I MADE THE SAME PRESUMPTION MYSELF, AT FIRST. BUT NO, IT'S THE MEDICATION THAT KEEPS HIS GENETICALLY ENGINEERED CELLS FROM ACTING A FOOL!
FIGHT IT, LAGARTO! FIGHT IT, YOU BUG-EYED FREAK!
EEW!
⇒GASP!⇐
ICK!
AHH!!
GOOD LORD! WHAT MANNER OF GROTESQUE, SALIVATING MAN-BEAST HAS DR. ALLOY UNWITTINGLY UNLEASHED ON HUMANITY?! HIDE YOUR BREASTS!!

THE SINISTER CREATURE LURKS THE SWAMP IN SEARCH OF PREY TO SUCKLE!
E-GAD! AN UNSUSPECTING COTTAGE!!
NOTHING GOOD CAN COME FROM A MUTATED FREAK IN THE CHICKEN COOP!
THE GOAT KNOWS THIS! ALL FOUR OF ITS TEATS ARE TREMBLING IN FEAR!
AHH!! HE HAS GONE INSANE WITH THE CHICKEN EATING!

THE LUST OF FEATHERS AND BLOOD IS UPON HIM! THERE IS NO STOPPING THE LAGARTO HOMBRE!
OH! OH NO! WHERE IS THE LITTLE GOAT?! YOU MONSTER! YOU HAVE DEVOURED OUR MULTIPLE-TEATED FARM FRIEND! YOU EVIL BEAST!!

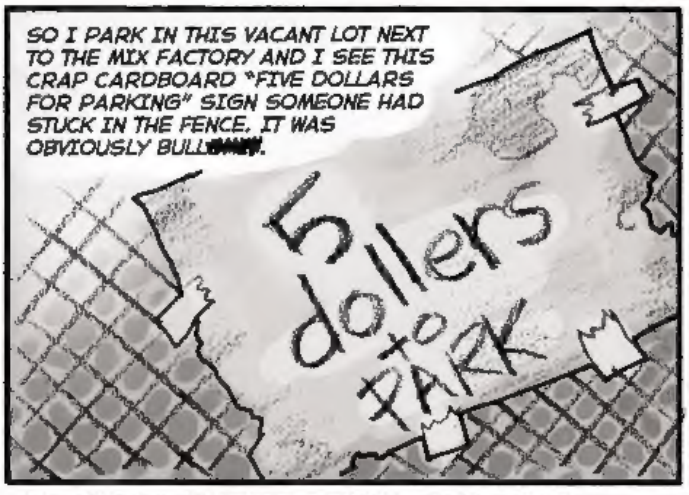

YES, SLINK BACK INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE SWAMP, YOU DEVIL. ONE DAY THE CHICKENS AND THAT GOAT WILL BE AVENGED! ONE FINE, BLOODY DAY THE CHICKENS WILL CLUCK WITH SATISFACTION!!
DIABLO DE PANTANO COMES AT NIGHT TO THE HOUSES WHOSE WINDOWS ARE NOT OVER PAINTED WITH THE FRESH BLOOD OF AN OX BORN UNDER A FULL MOON! HE IS A MIGHTY DEMON WHO SEEKS TO COPULATE WITH OUR VIRGINS AND PONIES! BEWARE HIM! BEWARE THE SWAMP DEVIL!

NEXT ISSUE: *FART JOKES!*

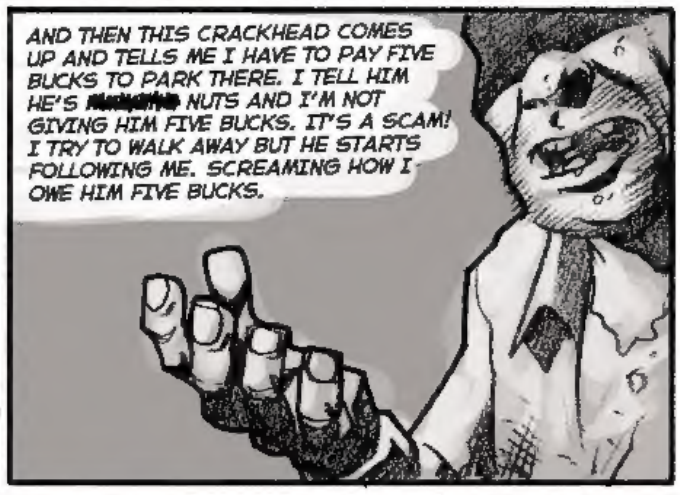
The True-Life Adventures of WEITLAUF

ADAPTED BY ERIC POWELL

SO I PARK IN THIS VACANT LOT NEXT TO THE MIX FACTORY AND I SEE THIS CRAP CARDBOARD "FIVE DOLLARS FOR PARKING" SIGN SOMEONE HAD STUCK IN THE FENCE. IT WAS OBVIOUSLY BULL[redacted].



AND THEN THIS CRACKHEAD COMES UP AND TELLS ME I HAVE TO PAY FIVE BUCKS TO PARK THERE. I TELL HIM HE'S [redacted] NUTS AND I'M NOT GIVING HIM FIVE BUCKS. IT'S A SCAM! I TRY TO WALK AWAY BUT HE STARTS FOLLOWING ME. SCREAMING HOW I OWE HIM FIVE BUCKS.



THEN HE STARTS PUTTING HIS HANDS ON ME.

[redacted] THAT! I BEAT HIS [redacted]!

THEN, AS HE'S ON THE GROUND TRYING TO COVER HIS FACE, I NOTICE A BUNCH OF MONEY STICKING OUT OF HIS POCKET. I'M THINKING IT'S FROM ALL THE SCAMMED PEOPLE WHO PARKED IN THIS VACANT LOT. SO I TAKE IT.

THE BAD THING IS THAT A BUNCH OF PEOPLE WERE IN FRONT OF THE MIX FACTORY AND TO THEM IT LOOKED LIKE I WAS BEATING UP SOME BUM AND ROBBING HIM. BUT I TOOK THE MONEY TO THE COP STATION DOWN THE STREET AND TOLD THEM SOME GUY WAS SCAMMING PEOPLE. I SHOULD HAVE KEPT THE MONEY, THOUGH. YOU KNOW THE COPS DIDN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

EMPIRE